[Wm. Walter Brady]

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FOLKSTUFF-RANGELORE

Phipps, Woody

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Wm. Walter Brady, 75, born on his father's farm located 1 1/4 Mi. N.E. of [Decatur?], Tex. W.W. Brady Sr. established the first dry goods store in Decatur, was appointed the first Co. Clerk of Wise Co., was elected Co. Judge for three terms, drove a cattle herd up the trail to Wichita, Kansas, and engaged in the cattle business. Walter made a regular cowhand at 10, and spent his life in the business, was Dep. U.S. Marshall in Albequerque, N.M. at 17, and is now a Cattle Dealer in the Live Stock Exchange Big in Fort Worth. Walter now resides at 2219 Market Ave., Ft. Worth, Tex. His story:

"My name is William Walter Brady. I was born February 15th, 1863, in [a?] double log house that now stands in a five acre park located in Northeast Decatur, Wise County, Texas. My father, William Walter Brady Senior, had it built on his farm in 1855. He had the logs hewed square in order to make the main two rooms bullet proof. There is a long porch on the south, a hall between and two side rooms on the north. The lumber was hauled from Chrevesport, Louisiana, by ox team. Bob Hunt hauled it. He made his home with

the Halsells, the parents of Mrs. W.T., and Mrs. Dan Waggoner. They were sisters who married father and son.

"Now, my dad's farm was a mile and a quarter south of Decatur when he built the house. The city has grown to it now. I don't recall the number of acres, but it was a pretty good size farm with a few head of cattle on it too. Dad started the first dry goods store in Decatur, but he later took in a partner by the name of Dan Howe. Their main trade was with the Indians. Dad bought furs from them before they went on the warpath. Besides cattle, dad owned a good many hosses when the Indians went on the war path in 1872. They raided and got a bunch of his hosses. There had been quite a bit of this kind of trouble C12 - 2/11/41 Texas 2 Phipps, Woody

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for other folks but when they picked on dad, he did something about it. He organized a posse of about eight or ten men, Tom and Henry Jennings, Bill Anderson, George Stevens, Billy [Balsell?], and old Nigger Sam.

"Dad's posse overtaken the Indians near Buffalo Springs, but they had really gone into a trap the Indians had set for them. Before they knew it, the Indians were closing in on both sides and back. Now this happened about three miles south of Buffalo Springs. There was a grove of trees in front of Dad's men, so they made for it to fight from behind the trees. While on the way, the Indians shot Nigger Sam's hose from under him. In falling, Nigger Sam failed to clear his left leg so the hose pinned him down where he couldn't move. The Indians were furiously closing in, shooting everything from a good rifle to bows and arrows.

Dad was riding a racing mare, and when he saw Sam's condition, he raced back to Sam, lifted the hoss by the pommel of the saddle, while Sam drug himself out. The Indians were coming together, and all of them were shooting at Dad and Sam while the posse rode on to the grove. When they reached the grove, they taken trees for breastworks. Dad put Sam in the saddle, climbed up behind, and under the protecting fire of, the posse, beat the Indians to the grove. After a good deal of cross fire, the Indians left. Now all this happened in about or almost the same time it takes to tell it. Lucky for Dad and Sam, these Indians were notoriously poor shots. You couldn't always depend on this because a random shot will kill just as bad as another. 3 Phipps, Woody

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"At this time, a small squad of soldiers were stationed at Buffalo Springs with a little old Yankee officer in charge. Dad went in and asked for help to recapture his hosses. This officer was afraid of Indians and as an excuse to keep from helping them because he was afraid of the Indians, he put my father and the posse under guard as Indian spies. The next day, he taken them to the fort at Jacksboro. Now, dad was well acquainted with the officers at the fort, and after both sides were heard, the Buffalo Springs officer was given a dishonerable discharge. The Jacksboro soldiers tried to overtake the Indians, but were too late. This happened in 1872, and the Government paid my mother for dad's loss in 1902.

"In 1972, Dad bought enough cattle from other ranchers to make his herd about 2500 head, then drove them to Wichita, Kansas. There were so many big delays on the trip that winter set in. When he got to Wichita, he couldn't sell his herd, so he sold it on credit to the Waters Commission Company. That company went broke, so he lost his herd anyway.

"Dad was appointed the first County Clerk of Wise County by Governor Pease in 1886.

12 years later, he was elected again and went into the cattle business once more. Then, when he came home broke after he was rid of his herd, he ran again for County Clerk, and was elected. After he held it two terms, the people petitioned him to run for County Judge, which he held for three terms, liking five months. He died in 1889, Five months before his last term expired.

"All during my childhood, dad had hosses and cattle on the place. He bought and sold all the time. I could ride like 4 Phipps, Woody

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a veteran. When I was 12, dad had a remnant of cattle scattered over the country. You see, there weren't many fences, so the cattle just drifted here and there in search of grass and water. Dad gave me this remnant, so when the roundup came in the Fall, I made a regular hand with the rest of the cowmen.

"There was lots of cattle, and wild cattle in those days, like deer, they would lay up in the brakes in the day time, and graze at night. Me and another boy, Bill Stevens, a nephew of Captain Ira Long, went on herd one night. We had a corral on Taters [Branch?], which empties into Ottawa Crick. The corral was about ten miles north of Rhome. We penned our cattle, took our hosses and made our bed down in a hackberry grove. Next morning, our hosses was gone. We walked and walked, and walked, but couldn't find any hosses. You know, grass was knee high all over the country in them days. About noon, Lewt

[Renshaw?], his brother Ed, Morris and Jim [Cook?], and others, rode up on me and Bill. Bill Shoemaker says, 'What in the name [o'?] God you boys doin'?'

"I says, 'We got our cattle corraled last night, and made our bed down back there. When we got up this morning, the hosses had pulled their stobs and took out.

"Bill says, 'You see all this grass mashed down? That's Indians. They got your hosses.' We went down to camp while they made a circle and found a part of the cattle the Indians took but us boys hadn't yet discovered they was gone. Bill and me went in a different direction and found a couple of hosses. [?] caught them, saddled them up, and came back to the corral just in time to see Bill Shoemaker turning the rest of 5 Phipps, [Woody?]

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our cattle loose. This happened on July 11th, 1874, and we were [1?] miles from Decatur. The men went on the Indian's trial while Bill and I went home.

"They traied the Indians from [Ottawa?] Crick to Catlett Crick, then [West?] by Alvord. Two miles from Alvord, they came to the Huff residence. Old Man Huff, his wife, and three daughters were there. Now, if he had gone into the house and closed the doors, the Indians would have been afraid to attack. They would have been afraid some of them would be killed but no, he ran off and they killed him anyway. The door was open so the Indians rushed in, killed the three girls and their mother, and scalped all but one girl, who fought them. If you had spunk enough to fight an Indian, he wouldn't scalp you.

"Huff had a son whose name was Lum Huff. He was a ranger and happened to be stationed at Alvord at the time this killing come off. When it was known about the trouble, he was among the rangers and citizens who followed and surrounded the Indians at Big Thicket on the Big Sandy River, eight miles from Alvord. The rangers and citizens sent for reenforcements, and people came from all directions carrying everything under the sun that could be used to fight with. Next day at noon, the rangers and citizens decided to make a drive abreast. They were in a big circle around the thicket.

"After the different persons were chosen to lead the charge, it was decided to go as close to the ground as possible. [Well?], it must have taken them an hour to close in because they were so cautious. The closer they came, the more worried they 6 Phipps, Woody

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were, because there were no shots, no kind of resistance made. When they all got into the thicket, not an Indian could be found. Evidently, they had crawled out on their bellies during, the night, leaving their hosses, saddles, blankets, and other stuff. What a mess! Ragged blankets, old saddles, nothing worth while but the hosses. Since they were stole from white people, they were good.

"There was one thing about the raid I wont forget in a hurry. I saw old [Doc?] Renshaw ride in town on a hose he had stole from him about three years before. It was one of the hosses recovered. He was ticled a-plenty to get him back. That was the last hoss stealing in Wise County but they got a-plenty.

"We had late Fall rains in the winter of 1876. There come a freeze and rotted the grass in December. Morris Cook, T. Perrin, and [myself?], cook had about 1,000 head, Perrin about 400, and me about 200 head of dad's I had gathered and he gave me, we pulled out to hunt grass and stopped in Callahan County before it was organized. They organized Callahan County in 1877 and started a little town called Belle Plains. In building the T.P. Railroad, it missed Belle Plains so they started a town called Baird in 1861, and [moved?] Belle Plains to it.

"Well I was in camp all winter after moving our cattle to Callahan County and my hair was so long it was two or three inches below my shoulders. I heard of a woman named Mrs. Westover, who was the [Half?] Knife Ranch cook, that had a pair of scissors. I rode ten miles to the ranch to borrow them, then rode back to our camp to have Butch Hunley cut my hair. Old 7 Phipps, Woody

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Butch went to work on my hair just like a real barber. He worked and worked on one side 'til he had it in good shape, then broke and run for the crick like a painter was after him. I didn't know what was up but I tried to catch him because I was afraid he had gone crazy. When he got to the crick, he throwed the scissors into the deepest hole of water there. Well, it was March and the water too cold to go into so there I was with my hair hanging down past my shoulders on one side, and cropped real close on the other side. I like to froze to death. They sure did hurraw me. Old Butch and me was talking about that the other day. He owns a ranch about ten miles from Rhome, Texas, and works for the Cassidy Commission Company in the same building I'm in. You know, I had to go 20 miles

to town, buy that woman a pair of scissors, and take them to her after I git T. Perrin to finish my haircut. [30?] miles for a haircut.

"Cattle drifted awful bad in Callahan County so I moved back to Stevens County where there was more timber and protection You see, cattle always put their hind part to the cold winds and drift 'til they reach a place that knocks the wind off so the timber made the job of keeping the cattle together easier. I built myself a log house on Hog Branch in 1877 and started a [small?] ranch.

"Old Jim Huddy, he was a deputy sheriff under every sheriff at Breckenridge 'til he died five years ago. He could have been sheriff but was satisfied with deputy sheriff. He told it on me that I drove 180 head to the ranch in the winter and branded [200?] mavericks by Spring. I leased the place to Clem Waters in 8 Phipps, Woody

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1878, and me and a boy named Les Skidson went to Las Vegas, New Mexico. In the Spring of '80', I went to Albequerque. A stage couch line ended at Albequerque, and the T.P. had just built their line through and were building west of town. I don't remember just how far west because they got a little farther every day but it helped to fill Albequerque with bums, outlaws, rustlers, mexicans, Indians, [and?] all kinds offriff raff. Murderers found Albequerque a good place to hide out too. I don't know why, but they didn't like a Texan. I was just a kid of 18 so I got into plenty trouble taking up for my State.

"I got into so much trouble that I soon built a rep for taking care of myself and City Marshall Johnson made me a deputy marshall. There I was, 18 years old and an officer. A good

many things happened to me that would make good reading but I don't want to recall it because it's almost bragging to bring it up.

"While I was deputy marshall, there was a paymaster for a mine in the New Mexico hills who was a friend of mine. He went to the mine once a month with a fellow who was a guide and a guard too, a Mexican. A few days after he left with the payroll one time, the officials of the company reported their man missing. One of our men investigated but he couldn't find a trace of either the guard or Potter. Potter was his name. [Well?], the company just decided Potter had gone west with their money and let it go at that. We sent the regular description posters around to the other sheriffs, and forgot about it.

"About a month later, I saw a Mexican swaggering about 9 Phipps, Woody

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with a pistol in his hand so I sneaked up behind him, grabbed his pistol hand in one hand and stuck my pistol in his side. I started to ask him what he thought he was doing when he says, 'Me [telly?]! Me [telly?]!' I just didn't say a word but marched him down to the office. What he tried to tell me, or wanted to tell me after seeing who I was, an officer and all, or maybe my rep had him going, anyway, he told us about Potter.

"The Mexican took us to a short cut to the mine the guard and Potter had been using and showed us where he with two other Mexicans had waylaid Potter and killed them both. After getting the payroll, they pulled the bodies off the trail, piled wood on them and burnt

them up. We brought the Mexican back to town, and after promising him we would take care of him, he fingered the other two Mexicans. We jailed all three of them.

"That evening, I was going from the store with my landlady, Mrs. Preston, to the boarding house when we heard shouts, and a lot of noise. We hurried on to see the cause of the excitement. When we rounded the corner leading to the jail, we bumped right into a bunch of men. They had broke the jail door down and had the [Mexicans?] tied with rope to the hitching rack in front of the jail. There was a heavy beam going all the way across the porch with two by fours upright to the eaves of the building. I am explaining it because I want you to see how they could hang a man on the front porch, or from the front porch. One of the men handed me a rope and Mrs. Preston a rope. She started to refuse but I told her to take a-hold of it. She did, and we all hung those men. You see, everybody there was in on it so nobody 10 Phipps, Woody

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could squawk. I thought once that Mrs. Preston was going to faint but she came through. After hanging two days from the porch as a warning to other toughs, we let the Mexican's families bury them.

"While I've never told it before, there was one thing [In?] did while in Albequerque that was sure enough silly. I'm going to tell it because my friend, H.H. [Halsell?] has written a book and told a small part of it. He didn't tell it exactly the way it happened. Understand me now, I think a lot of him. I consider him one of my best friends but I'm going to tell this to get it straight.

"As I said before, they didn't like Texans so I got to thinking about it. The more I thought about it, the madder I got. The madder I got, the more I drank so I just went on a spree. I filled two purses full of money, went into Charley [Henry's?] saloon, the biggest in town and filled with a crowd, and dared anybody to take the money from a Texan. I couldn't get a fight so I came outside and went down the sidewalk. I saw a fellow coming toward me, and I decided to jump on him anyway. When he and I were close to each other, he stepped off the sidewalk. I recognized him as a Texan, and then as a kid chum of mine. I said 'Harry! and he replied, 'Walter'.

"We fell to talking about old times and I offered him some money but he turned it down. I never saw him again after that 'til I met him here in Fort Worth. When I met him here, he says when he left me, "Well, I hope to meet you in Heaven, Walter". I don't intend to make fun of his religion but I wouldn't make 11 Phipps, Woody

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that kind of a statement to a fellow in public. [Halsell?] is a nephew of Mrs. Tom Waggoner of Fort Worth and the book's title is, 'Cowboys and Cattle Land'.

"While I was Deputy Marshall, I met a detective by the name of Dave Mathewson. He was called, 'Mysterious Dave'. He was kind of like the Mounted in Canada. He always got his man, dead or alive. Another thing about him was, you couldn't get him to tell a thing about his cases. He just went out, got his man, and collected the reward. He wouldn't work unless there was a reward either. I've listened to lots of people question him, but I never heard him tell anything important. If the questioners got too hot, he'd walk off. Dave and

me got real thick because I never tried to get him to talk about his cases. After we had known each other for awhile, he and another fellow by the name of Woods tried to talk me into quitting the life I was leading. I couldn't see any harm in it so I just laughed it off, and they never mentioned it any more.

"Some way or other, my father heard of Mysterious Dave and hired him to bring me home. Now, Dave knew he couldn't just up and tell me to go home so he cooked up about the wildest scheme I ever heard of. Dave comes to me and says, 'Now, I've got a chance to make \$5,000.00. I know where my man is but I want someone to go with me.' Well, I jumped at the chance I knew never had been offered to anybody else. We went to Las Vegas, and put in a day there. All the time we was together, he insisted on me letting him do all the talking. He comes to me along in the evening and says, 'We've got to catch that train to Trinidad, Colorado'. While 12 Phipps, Woody

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we was talking on a street corner, a Deputy Sheriff walks up and says to Dave, 'Your man is in Emporia, Kansas'. Well, we takes a train for Emporia. The Emporia ticket agent meets us as we leave the train and recognized Dave. Dave describes our man to him and he says, 'Yes, I know your man. He took the last train for Dallas. Well, by golly. We takes the next train for Dallas. When we got there, Dave and I start drinking. I really went on a spree and thought Dave had. When I got just dog drunk, we had come to Fort Worth, still looking for this man. I began to think, 'We'll catch this man yet'. I don't remember getting into a wagon at Fort Worth but when I came to my senses, we was at Deep Crick on old Sam Wood's place. Old Sam was the first Wise County Settler. We drove on to my Dad's

place and I had Dave meet all the folks. We all sat up late that night, talking about different ranges and I told some of my experiences. Next morning when I woke up, Dave was gone and had left me a goodbye note.

"This happened in 1881. I went back to Stevens County in 1882, and took charge to my cattle. Soon after I went back, I traded my cattle to the OHO Ranch. When a cattlemen says, 'Traded he usually means sold. That's what I did because I had a chance to become a foreman on a big outfit soon's I was rid of my stock I went to work for the Moore Ranch as foremen. The brand was a bar M. Moore sold out to J.A. Hullum and doubled his money.

"I went to the 'Cherokee Strip' where my cousin, J.C. Carpenter, owned the JH-Bar Ranch. J.C. had taken an Indian in as a partner in order to hold his cattle in the Cherokee Nation. You see, the Nation made it ag'in the law for a white man to own 13 Phipps, Woody

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anything outright in the Nation, but an Indian could have a white man as a partner. About the time I showed up, the Indians had been stealing J.C. blind. We talked it over and I hatched up a scheme to beat the Indians at their own game.

"I decided to sell the cattle so I went to Montague, Texas. While in Montague, I met Bill Murray, ex-Governor of Oklahoma, who was the editor of a paper in Montague. He introduced met to a cattlemen by the name of Coon Dunman. Coon contracted to buy the cattle for \$36,000.00 upon delivery of the cattle to just this side of Red River. Governor

Murray, folks call him 'Alfalfa Bill', wrote some of this deal in his biography but he didn't have it all because he never did see us any more.

"You see, I went back and told J.C. about the arrangement, and we told the Indian that we had a chance to sell the cattle for a big profit in Texas. Our men drove the cattle across the river, and J.C. left for Decatur to stay with my folks 'til I showed up with the money. Dunman gave me the check for \$36,000.00 and I tied it up in a red bandana handkerchief, the tied it around my neck like I was used to wearing it.

"I ditched the Indian and lit out for Decatur. When I came to the Trinity River, an overflow was on. If I hadn't been trying to ditch the Indian, I could have gone in a straight line but in ditching him, I went on a round-about trail. I had a good hoss so I decided to take the overflow anyway, I didn't feel like running around the country with all that money even if it was in a check. Well, I rode the hoss off into the water, and we started across. I kept trying to make him go straight across, and we wasn't making any head way so I began to get worried. He kept 14 Phipps, Woody

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FC getting weaker and weaker, so I started to pulling off my boots, and everything else heavy. I threw everything away except the handkerchief and my pants but still we didn't make any head way. By the time we reached the middle of the water, I had thrown my food away and was really worried. I then heard an old man running up to the river and hollering, 'Let him have his head! Let him have his head! Get off and hold to his tail!' I did that, and the hoss angled down stream. We just went with the flow, and made it to the bank alright.

"Man! Was I a sight when I came out of the water? No shoes, no hat, saddle, clothes, or nothing. This old man run a hog ranch, and he gave me a old pair of shoes he had thrown away, and a hat he had thought too old to be worn again. With my hair sticking up through the holes in the hat and my toes sticking through the shoes, I wish you could have seen me.

"Well, I made it to Decatur with the check and gave it to J.C. Several hours before I got to J.C. with the check, the Indian had already caught up with him and was demanding half the money. After arguing several hours about it, we all agreed to settle it by arbitration. The indian chose Billy Halsell, and we chose Captain Halsell. Well, with both the arbitors for us, the Indian came out at the small end. His money just got in a storm, and he left Decatur with less than he came in with.

"Mr. Moore sent for me in 1885, and I went back to Stevens County and started another ranch for him with 1200 head. It was called the Ida Nell, and had the same brand he had before. He sold out again, and I run the Hullum Ranch with 5,000 head. 15 Phipps, Woody

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Hullum moved to Odessa. I didn't want to go there so I went to the Lightning 4H Ranch, owned by the [Ennis?] Land and Cattle Company of Ennis, Texas. We went to Abilene in 1885, with 1,000 steers from the Ladman Cattle Company, north of Haskell, Texas.

"When we got to Abilene, John D. Merchant had a telegram from Elpaso saying, 'Men all refused to go further because of Indians'. Merchant wired back, 'I have your man'. He told

me that one of his men had bought some cattle form a cattleman on the rio grande, near el Rio, to be sent to the Miller and Floto Ranch located about 40 miles north of Silver City, New Mexico. I went on down and looked the situation over.

"I hadn't even got to Elpaso 'til I heard everybody talking about the things the Indian Geronimo had been pulling off. He just had everybody scared to death. All the Indians was on the war path. I said I could make it. The reason I did was because I had known Geronimo when I was an officer in Albequerque. All I ever seen about him then was just another Indian. Well, another lousy Indian. I believe that describes it better. I had all the same men get together that had refused to go any further and I told them what I thought about Geronimo. I [offered?] everybody that wanted to go, another chance. They all took it, and I gave them all a Winchester Carbine with plenty cartridges. Then, we started out. The weather had gone bad, what with the Fall rains and everything but we crossed the Gila River and delivered the herd with just ordinary trouble.

"I came back to Abilene and delivered a herd to the [Ciamaron?] River in the Spring of '87' for the [Saginaw?] Land and 16 Phipps, Woody

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Cattle Company. B.B. Payne, manager of the north half of the Fox Reservation, was in charge and I stayed with the cattle. Billy Powers and Steve Webb was working there too. They talked a lot about easy money and the Dalton Gang. I did my very best to get them not to join the Dalton Gang but they quit anyway and joined the gang. I knew the Daltons

by name when I was in Stevens County before they went bad. I never saw them, just heard about them. They came from Caddo. They all got killed eventually.

"My father died in 1889 with the TB. I married Lottie [Marr?] in Sourry County in 1897. We came to Fort Worth to live in 1902, and I've been working on the Stock Yards ever since. We had five children, and all of them are still living here in Fort Worth. Lottie died in 1923, and I've been baching it ever since. I could go and live with the kids but I realize I would be imposing on them so I think I will just have them keep the welcome matt out for me, and then I can go to any of them any time I want to.

I spoke of being here on the Yards, I'm connected with Clarence Keene and Sons in the Cattle Exchange Building on Exchange [Avenue?].